133 In travelling the three days' journey to Mr Long's home we had to cross a very high range of hills, on the top of which are a large number of beautiful springs of water. Down in the valleys below these hills one often finds tracts of land quite waterless, and here, high up, where scarcely anyone lives, and where wolves are very common, we came across much boggy land, with large gushing streams of beautifully clear water. I do not know the explanation of this exalted water system.

137 Descending the farther side of this high range of hills, we came across large quantities of the young edelweiss. These young gossamer-covered flowers are far more beautiful than the mature flowers. When the dew has fallen on the little flowers, and the early morning sun shines on them, the sight is one to make a traveller very glad. At such times these flowers seem to me as if they had come straight out from fairyland, and to speak of a world where all must be tending towards peace and beauty.

372 After spending a night in one of these aboriginal homes, where pine logs are usually burnt, and where there is no outlet for the dense smoke, one is always glad to get into the open air again, and the hills, covered with their flowers, in the early morning sunshine, greet one with the cheeriest of greetings. One often wishes of an evening to escape from the smoke and dirt of the indoors, out into the moonlight and
231 the late evening calm. But one scarcely ever dares to do so, for the dogs, kept by these Nosu landlords, are often terribly fierce and ready to tear a stranger to pieces. Sometimes, if I have ventured two feet outside of the door, I have had to have the landlord or one of his servants by my side, armed with a heavy stick. Only by free use of this stick, and by

202 We had not gone very far before our party began to whoop a Nosu war-whoop. The sound was of great volume, and had it suddenly burst out during the night on the peaceful sleepers of a Chinese village one can easily imagine how startled and frightened the people there would be. The whoop of our men was soon answered from some of the hills near by. A party of hillmen had been bringing great coffin boards from the interior and as they were climbing the hill on their return journey they answered the shout of our men. I was told that different clans have different whoops, and that messages are conveyed by means of these hill shouts. Sometimes a keen note of derision is put into the whoop. All the Orientals are past masters in deriding or cursing an adversary.

311 The no-man's-land we passed through was covered with long jungle grass as tall as one's neck. There was not a sign of cultivation anywhere. Formerly on this land there dwelt four thousand Chinese families, and we were shown a site where there used to be held a very busy market. Cotton, sugar-cane, sweet potatoes, etc., were largely cultivated. Later on there was a quarrel between two Nosu chiefs in the neighbourhood and constant fights between the two. In their long quarrel they cleared out all the Chinese, driving them across the river. It seemed a great pity that such a great stretch of valuable land should lie waste when south of the river there were multitudes of people who with great difficulty managed to get enough to keep body and soul together.

152 137 We were considerably troubled by a kind of grass which has a barbed spike on it. These little spikes work their way through any clothing and enter the flesh almost as if they

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were insects. As they enter the flesh they act like fish-hooks, 152
and are pulled out with difficulty. One of these thorns 137
entered the arm of one of the men. After he had extracted it he wished to show his anger to the thorn and proceeded to bite it in two. But in this angry process he came off second best, for the thorn entered his tongue and gave him a lot of pain. It was at last extracted with a pair of small tweezers I had in my pocket-knife.

As we travelled along, all on the qui vive, Mr Long described 487
how robbers quiet any man they may succeed in capturing. To prevent his calling out to any companions who may be near they thrust a stone into his mouth, and tie this around with a girdle. The gag is most effective. After a few miles we left the debatable land which lay by the Yangtse, and, turning to the right, went inland. For some distance we followed the course of a silvery stream. The waters were sparkling and very beautiful, but the road was execrable. Sometimes it was just a few ledges cut in the face of a rock. At other times it was a big log placed against a rock. By means of a few notches cut in the log we had to climb up. Again rough trees were stretched from ledge to ledge in a cliff, and over these we had to climb. We felt very glad that we had not brought our horses, for they could never have faced the roads we walked or climbed over—not that these horses are not able to face rough roads. I have a pony now which will face almost anything that one finds on the rough roads of China. Places that I walk over with difficulty he will carry me over without a shake or a refusal. Sometimes he seems as if he were half goat. I have known him go up a cliff that I had to negotiate in some places on all-fours. But tree-climbing is too much for even an old, well-tried, clever horse.

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on. He had prepared to march farther inland, intending to pursue the same tactics, but a number of the clans gathered their fighting men together and waited for Too on a hill, the approach to which was up a steep cliff. Overlord Too evidently thought discretion was the better part of valour, and retired. These quarrels about the land will in the end lead to the Chinese rulers seizing the whole of it and destroying the independence of Nosuland. I heard an aborigine story a few days ago to this effect. A tit and a wren were quarrelling about a nest of young birds, each claiming them as her offspring. At last, being unable to settle the quarrel of themselves, they appealed to the black-coated raven, who held a kind of official position among the birds. The raven ordered the nest of young birds to be brought to him, and one half expected the story to develop into a kind of variation of the famous decision of Solomon. This, however, is China and not Judea. The raven promptly devoured the young birds, and when he had finished he said: "That is the end of that lawsuit." The tit and the wren went away wiser than they came.

As we climbed higher up among the hills we passed several groves of dwarf oak-trees. These dwarf oak-trees are a feature of many of the hills of West China. Now and again one comes across a larger oak-tree, but the terrible and insane warfare waged against all woods in China makes the presence of all giant trees very rare. We have often seen men carrying bundles of the large leaves of these dwarf oak-trees, and wondered what they were being used for. We found out that in the Yangtse Valley, near Nosuland, on the Chinese side of the river, a very popular brown sugar is made from the cane. The little cakes of brown sugar, weighing about three or four